



The yuletide candle is lit as Withrow's sororities and fraternities ignite the holiday season, caroling for friends and faculty.

"Hello, Marge? This is Jane. Did you hear the latest? John isn't taking Esther to the formal Saturday night. He asked Betty, of all people. Can you imagine? That conceited snob! I heard she hadn't a thing to wear . . . No, I haven't got a date yet. I'd love to go with Bill, the center on our team but . . . Oh, I saw the cutest little number in Shillito's last week . . . Yeah, that's the one I mean, with the white net stole. It's only \$89.95.

"Father thinks it's awfully expensive, but I think it's a real bargain. Maybe Mom can break him. I simply have to have it. Gosh, I wish somebody would call. It's only a week away and I'm sort of worried . . . You're going with Dick Morgan, the frat president? Golly gee, how colossal . . . See you there—I hope! So long." Ring-g-g . . . "Hello—Oh, hello, Bill . . . No, nothing special . . . Jean's number? Oh . . . it's—it's 7697 . . . You're welcome."

